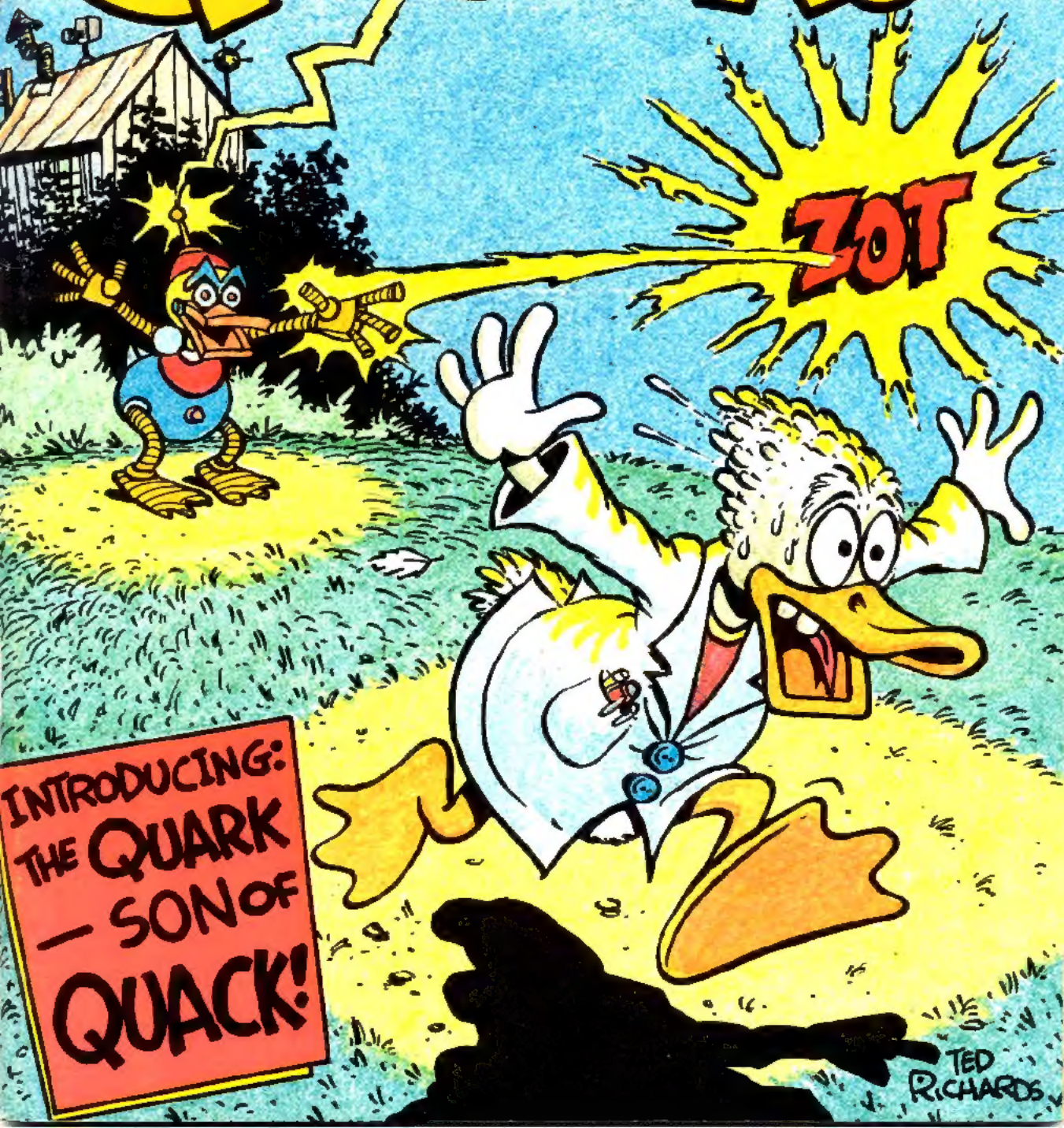


#6

\$1<sup>25</sup>

# QUACK!



INTRODUCING:  
THE QUARK  
— SON OF  
QUACK!

TED  
RICHARDS



14 November 1977  
Oakland, CA

Last time around I spoke of my dissatisfaction with the format of QUACK and wrote that I was considering some adjustments. The few letters I've received have helped in making any changes. This issue marks some early steps toward a newer package.

First, the number of individual strips is reduced to five (six, if you're picky and count the "Wraith" stories as two). Next issue, we will be reducing the strip count even further, to three: Steve Leialoha's rabbits (futuristic and wild west), Ted Richards' "The Quack" and Mike Gilbert's "The Wraith".

Second, in order to allow these folks the additional time to draw and write more than they usually have for this book (about twice more) the frequency of publication will drop to twice a year from its current quarterly status. So the next issue (No. 7) will be released in about six months.

The hope is that this new arrangement will prove satisfactory to all concerned, including yourselves. I think that QUACK will gain a bit more focus and direction. Naturally, if you have any thoughts or feelings about this, let me know.

Michael Gilbert asks me to inform you of a contest he is holding. The five people who identify the most number of Michael's characters on the last page of his "Christmas Carol" story will win original "Wraith" artwork. So all of you who find entertainment in such activity send your lists to "The Wraith Contest" c/o Michael Gilbert, 15 El Towonal, Orinda, CA 94563.

Lastly, we're aware that most of you will probably be reading this comic after the first of the year. Our original intention had been to have this released well ahead of Christmas, so Mike Gilbert did up his little Christmas story. Only things, as usually happens, screwed up. So don't think of it as late and irrelevant, but rather a bit of cheer to carry you thru the winter and the rest of the year.

See you next time around.

*Mike Friedrich*



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# THE QUARK SON OF QUACK

BY TED RICHARDS, J. MICHAEL LEONARD  
AND LARRY GONICK.



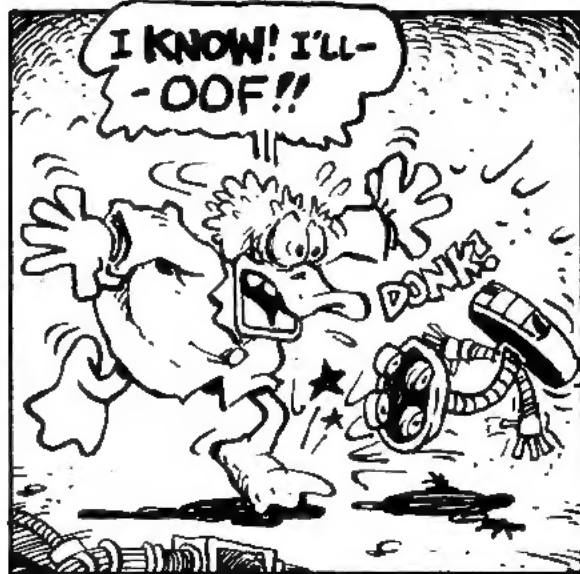
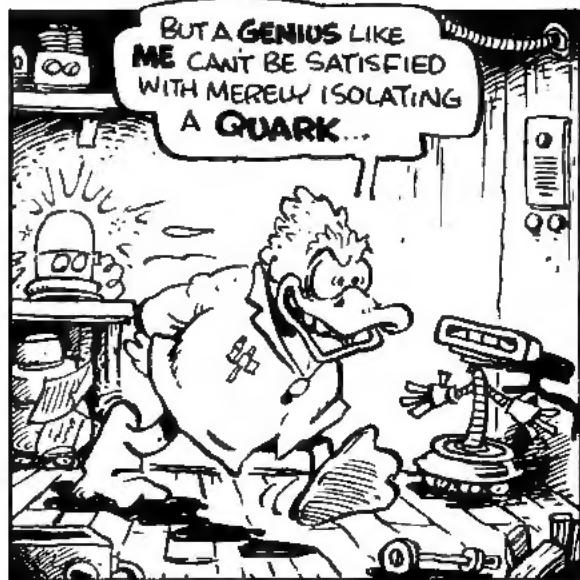
IT IS LATE AT NIGHT, AND WE  
FIND CHITTERLAND COUNTY'S  
RESIDENT MAD SCIENTIST,  
**DR. QUINCY QUACK**, ONCE  
AGAIN POSSESSED BY THE  
**DEMON OF KNOWLEDGE.**

NYAHHA  
HOO HOO HA!  
**EXACTLY!**  
THAT'S IT!!  
\*\*\*

I, QUINCY  
QUACK, BY A QUIRK  
OF **FATE**, HAVE  
ISOLATED THE  
**FIRST QUARK!**

**HAHA  
HAHA  
HAHA  
HAHA**





AND SO TH' QUACK  
FANATICALLY LABORS  
THRU THE FOLLOWING  
DAYS AND WEEKS (WITH  
THE HELP OF HIS LOYAL  
WIFE, DAGMAR), 'TIL WE  
FIND HIM STANDIN' AT  
THE THRESHOLD OF THE  
GREATEST MOMENT IN  
HIS INFAMOUS CAREER.

AH-HAHAA  
BEHOLD DAGMAR,  
AS MY  
**NOBEL PRIZE**  
COMES TO LIFE!!

C'MON QUINCY,  
PULL THE SWITCH  
AND LET'S GO TO  
**BED!** I HAVEN'T  
EVEN HAD MY HAND  
HELD IN OVER  
**THREE WEEKS!**

RUMBLE

ZZZT!

THE TENSION  
HAS BEEN ALMOST  
UNBEARABLE...

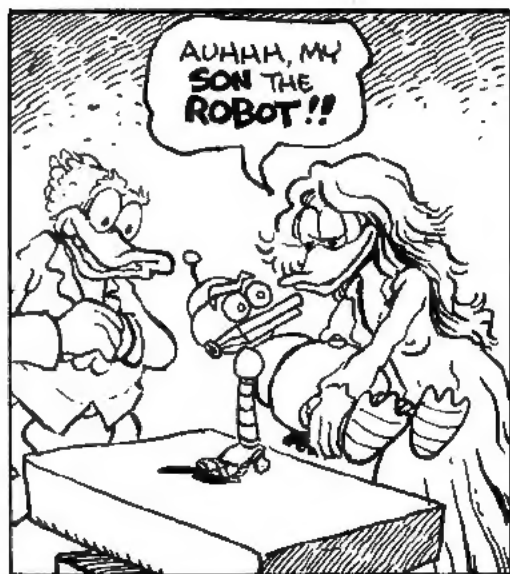
ZZZOT

BUT NOW, THE ENTIRE  
CRAZED EFFORT APPEARS  
TO HAVE BEEN WORTH IT!

DAGMAR,  
LOOK! I-IT'S  
MOVING!

B-BUT QUINCY,  
"IT" SEEMS  
**CONFUSED!**







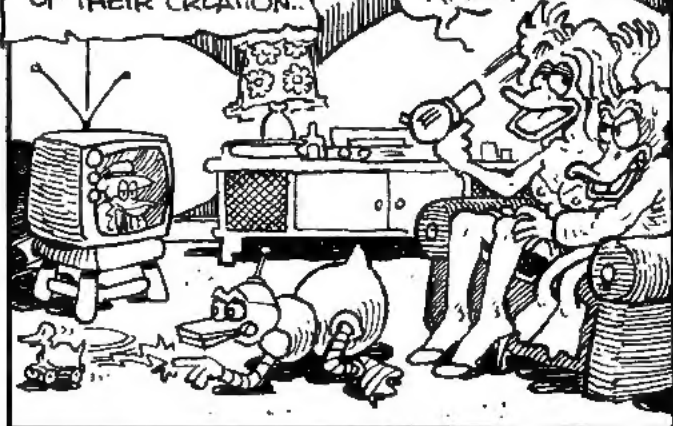
BUT THE PROUD  
PARENTS SOON  
BECOME BORED  
WITH THE NOVELTY  
OF THEIR CREATION...

OH... HE'S SUCH A LITTLE  
GENIUS... HE CAN DO  
EVERYTHING FOR HIMSELF.  
HE'S NO PROBLEM AT ALL.  
(YAWN)

AND THE QUARK  
BEGINS TO SUFFER.

WHERE'S  
QUARK?

WATCHING  
T.V.



ZAPPO ZUPPO KRUPPY POPS  
SNICKUM SNACKUM  
GOODY GOOD... YUDDA  
YUDDA YOOOO

EATY SWEETY  
FUNNY BUNNY  
BOOGER WOOGER  
SUGAR SUGAR



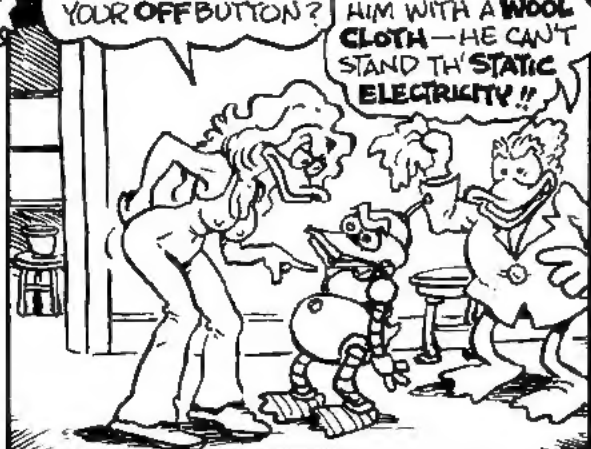
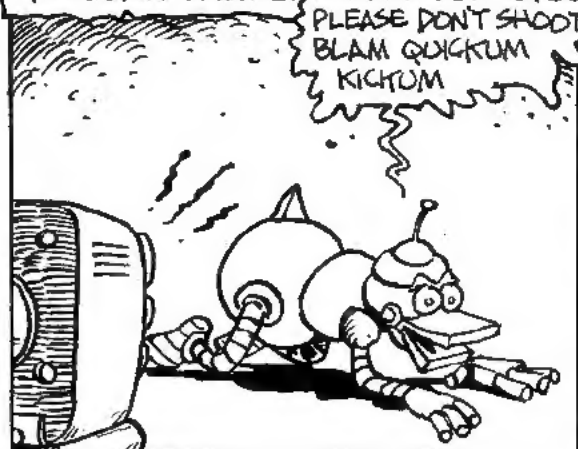
SEVERAL WEEKS  
LATER, THE QUARK'S  
FIRST ORIGINAL  
THOUGHTS EMERGE.

I'M A QUICKUM  
KICKUM EMERGENCY!!  
HAHAHA DON'T SHOOT  
PLEASE DON'T SHOOT  
BLAM QUICKUM  
KICKUM

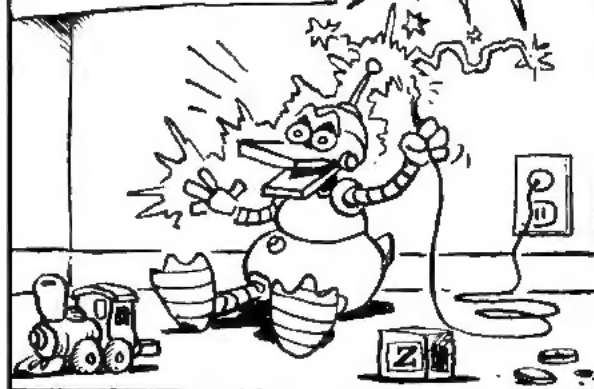
SOON NEGLECT TURNS TO ABUSE.

DON'T TALK BACK  
TO ME! WHERE'S  
YOUR OFF BUTTON?

HE DOESN'T HAVE  
ONE... JUST RUB  
HIM WITH A WOOL  
CLOTH—HE CAN'T  
STAND TH' STATIC  
ELECTRICITY!!



THREE WEEKS  
AFTER HIS BIRTH  
HE DISCOVERS HIS  
TRUE FRIENDS —  
THE **ELECTRONS**.



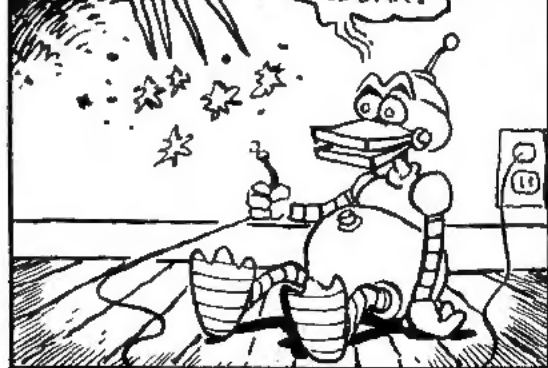
WE'VE NEVER  
FLOWED THROUGH  
ANYBODY LIKE  
**YOU** BEFORE!

YEAH - ADDS  
LIFE - HUH -  
WINNER TAKES  
ALL - THAT'S  
ME! FRESHER  
TOO!



HOLD YOUR  
HANDS OUT...  
WE WANT TO  
PLAY!

HEY!! POWER-PLY  
RADIAL-LONGER  
STRONG - DON'T  
SHOOT - WAIT 'TIL  
THEY'RE IN TH'  
CLEAR!



DO IT! THAT'S ME -  
QUICKUM KICKUM  
EMERGENCY HE'S ON  
THE LOOSE SOMEWHERE  
IN THIS CITY!

ISN'T THIS  
**FUN!?**



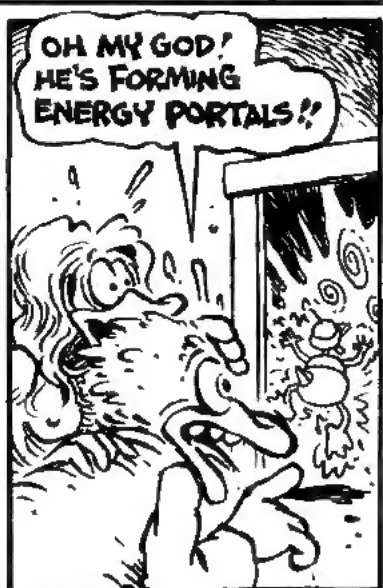
**QUINCY!!  
SCREAM!!!**

WHOO BOY!  
CHACHACHA  
MEOW MEOW  
TAKE THAT!!

WHEE!!



OH MY GOD!  
HE'S FORMING  
ENERGY PORTALS!!







TEN-FOUR-OVER AND OUT  
RAMPARTS. WE GOT A  
PULMONARY PNEUMATIZED  
BODY SOCK-LABORATORY  
MOUTHWASH...

HIDE, DAGMAR!  
I'LL TRY AND  
HANDLE THIS!

OH NO! HE'S  
HEADED FOR  
MY GENERATORS!



NOTHING STANDS IN  
MY WAY, BABY—  
WHETHER IT'S A BUS,  
TRAIN, PLANE, OR YOU—  
AND YOU, YOU'RE  
THE ONE!

**STOP**  
YOU LITTLE...  
**AGHHH!**

**ZOT!**

FREE OF HIS PARENTS, THE QUARK  
NOW HEADS FOR THE BIG TIME...

AWW...WE  
STILL DON'T  
HAVE ENOUGH  
FRIENDS!

SHOOT THE  
WORKS—POP 'EM  
TOP 'EM, TOAST  
'EM!



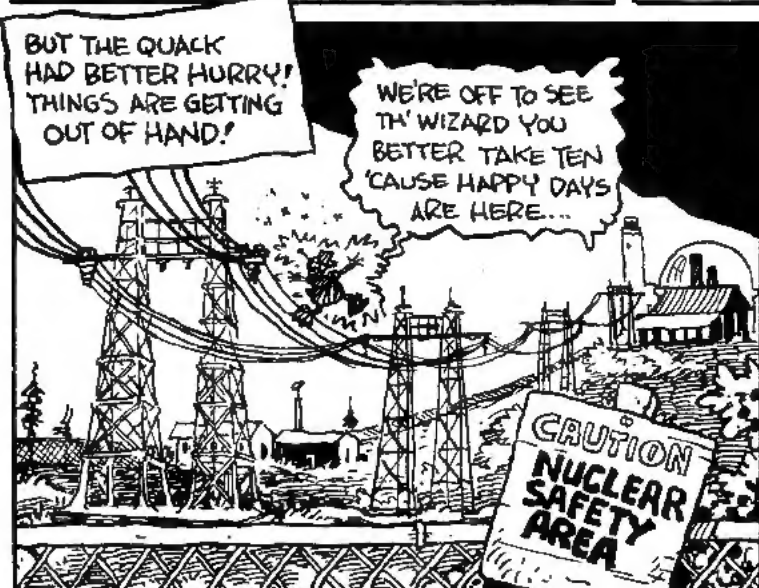
THE SKY!!  
WE HAVE LOTS  
OF FRIENDS  
IN THE SKY!

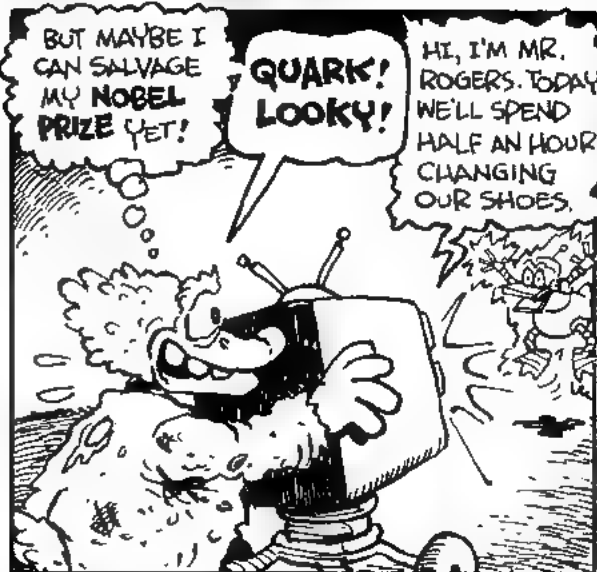
FLY THE  
FRIENDLY  
SKIES OF  
UNITED WE  
STAND...

KEEP YOUR  
PEETSY'S FEETLES  
ON THE GROUND  
AND OUR FRIENDS  
WILL COME!

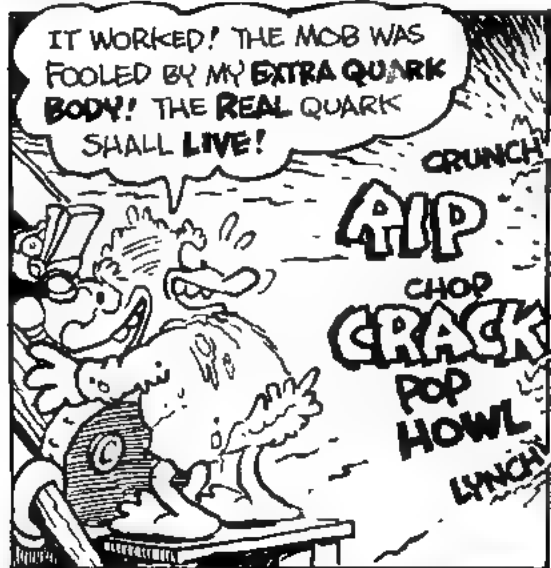
YOU ASKED  
FOR IT—  
YOU GOT  
IT—  
DOW JONES  
UP 2½!

QUARK...  
MY SON...  
WAIT—  
LISTEN  
TO ME...  
I'M  
SORRY!









BEAR  
VALLEY,  
CALIFORNIA.

I WON'T  
FORGET THAT  
THIS IS YOUR  
IDEA TO LEAVE. I  
WAS JUST GETTING  
ACCLIMATED TO  
THE LOCAL  
TALENT!

COME  
ALONG,  
JUNIOR.

DON'T  
CALL ME  
JUNIOR.

OVERLAND  
EXPRESS CO.

YOU'LL GET OVER  
IT. I JUST GOT A  
WIRE FROM MY  
DUCK IN THE  
GOLD COUNTRY...

AND HE'S STRUCK AGAIN  
TWO STAGES ON THE 49 RUN  
TWO MONTHS ON THE ROAD AND  
HE'S GETTING CARE-ESS

ALSO, THIS THE ONLY  
STAGE FOR A WEEK.

A WEEK  
SHOULD BE  
JUST ABOUT  
RIGHT TO  
TIDY UP A  
FEW.

LOOSE  
ENDS

Hummm OF  
COURSE, WITH THE  
GOLD SHIPMENT  
GOING ON THIS  
STAGE





I HOPE WE RUN INTO EL DRAKO SOON! ALL THIS TRAVELING IS WEARING ME DOWN.

YOU SURE YOU EVEN GOT A BROTHER?

PACKED POWDER

SLALOM

NICE SLOPES

HEAVENLY

TEN FEET BY DODGE

HOT DOGGING

ONLY TEN MORE MILES TO SHEEP RANCH WHEN WE GET THERE WE CAN QUESTION THE SHERIFF!

ALL YOU EVER THINK OF IS WORK! WHY DON'T YOU RELAX AND JUST ENJOY THE SCENERY? THIS'D BE GOOD COUNTRY TO SETTLE IN FOR THE WINTER WITH A CUTE LITTLE BUNNY.

HEY MASTER LOOK!

NOW, JUN OR NOT THE CRAP

FT!

"I CAN'T RELAX, KNOWING THAT EL DRAKO, MY OWN BROTHER, IS OUT THERE WREAKING HAVOC ON AN UNSUSPECTING PUBLIC!"

"AFTER I CAUGHT UP WITH HIM IN THE SOUTHWEST, HE SPLIT FOR MORE PROFITABLE PARTS. THE LURE OF THE GOLD!"

LEADING INTO THE LAND OF THE REDWOODS, A WORLD BY ITSELF, A COUNTRY RICH IN SILVER AND GOLD-- ATTRACTING MANY WITH THEIR DREAMS OF WEALTH AND PLEASURE

AND NOW, RANGER RICK RABBIT AND SPECIAL AGENT JOHN DRAKE ARE RELENTLESSLY FOLLOWING A TRAIL THAT IS TAKING THEM DEEP...

GEE-UP HORSE! HEY YAH!

OH CLAM T. CLOWN

# INTO THE MOTHERLODE!

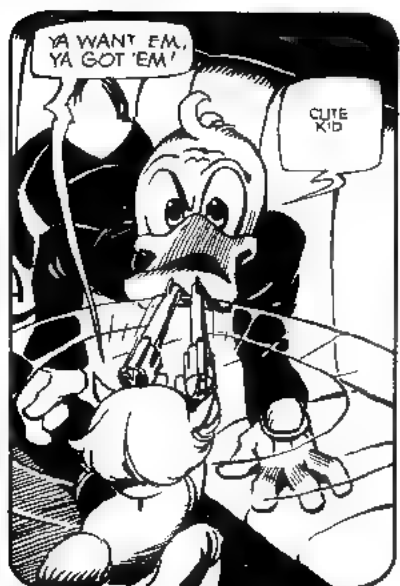
OR THE BUNNY MEETS HIS MATCH WHILE THE DUCK GETS DOWN!

BY:

STEVE LEIDLICH

LETTERS Tom Orzechowski







NOW!

G'AWME THAT GUN...  
FUCKIN' THE BOAT



WHOA  
HOSSSS!

YOU'RE  
TELLIN'  
ME?

REACH FOR  
THE SKY,  
HOMBRES!



NOW IF YOU  
WOULD ALL BE  
SO KIND AS TO  
STEP OUT OF  
THE COACH!



IT'S A HOLD UP!

IT MUST BE  
EI DRAKO! HE  
LOOKS JUST  
LIKE YOU!

BRIILIANT! I KNEW  
THERE WAS A REASON I  
BROUGHT YOU ALONG!

NOW SONNY,  
GIVE ME BACK  
MY GUNS... THIS  
IS SERIOUS  
BUSINESS!

YER RGT  
OLCK. THIS  
IS SER OLS  
BUSINESS!

STICK  
EM UP.









THE LAW CLOSES IN.



RANGER RABBIT  
ALWAYS GETS HIS  
MAN, OR BIRD... WELL,  
WHATEVER!



DON'T NOBODY  
MOVE! I'VE GOT  
YOU SURROUNDED!



WHA -- THERE'S  
NOBODY HERE!

I BEG YOUR  
PARDON -  
I'M HERE!

JA -- WHO  
ARE YOL?

SIR! PUT  
THAT THING  
AWAY! I  
MIGHT BE  
LOADED!



WHAT YOL BLSTIN' IN  
HERE, KE THAT FOR!  
WERE YOL RASSED N A  
BARN OR SOMETHIN'?

DIDNT YOUR  
MAMA TEACH YOL  
NO MANNERS?



MY MAMMA?  
WHY, NO. I  
WAS AN  
ORPHAN.

AWW, POOR BABY!  
YOU JLT RELAX  
AND TELL ME  
ABOUT IT!

HERE, LEMME  
PLT THIS WHERE  
YOL WON'T HURT  
YOLRSELF  
WITH IT.



"SO ME AN' MY  
SEVENTEEN BROTHERS  
AND SISTERS HAD TO  
FEND FOR OURSELVES  
AFTER MOM GOT ET."

~ SWIFF ~

YEW JEST  
GET IT ALL OFF  
YOUR CHEST,  
HANDSOME.



... AND SO  
WHEN THE  
WAR CAME  
ALONG...

Hmmff! ISN'T THAT  
JUST LIKE A RABBIT!  
I KNEW HE COULDN'T  
KEEP HIS MIND ON  
HIS WORK! SHE'S  
SURE STALLING HIM  
I GUESS THIS ONE'S  
UP TO ME...

SEVEN



I KNOW HE'S  
AROUND SOME-  
WHERE NOW IF  
HE TAKES THE  
GOLD IT'S  
HEAVY AND



OH OH  
THE JEEG  
SHE EES  
OP

**SNAR**



HOLD IT  
RIGHT THERE  
YOL FOUL  
FOWL! I'VE  
GOT THE DROP  
ON YA!



NOW, LEETLE  
BROTHER, WHY  
DO YOU DO  
THEES TO ME?



I HAVE  
SWORN AN  
OATH TO ERASE  
THE BLACK  
MARK YOU  
HAVE PLACED  
ON OUR NAME  
AND DON'T CALL  
ME LITTLE! I AM  
OLDER! AND CUT  
THE PHONY  
ACCENT YOU  
CAN'T FOOL  
ME!

WHY? I A-WAYS  
COULD BEFORE!



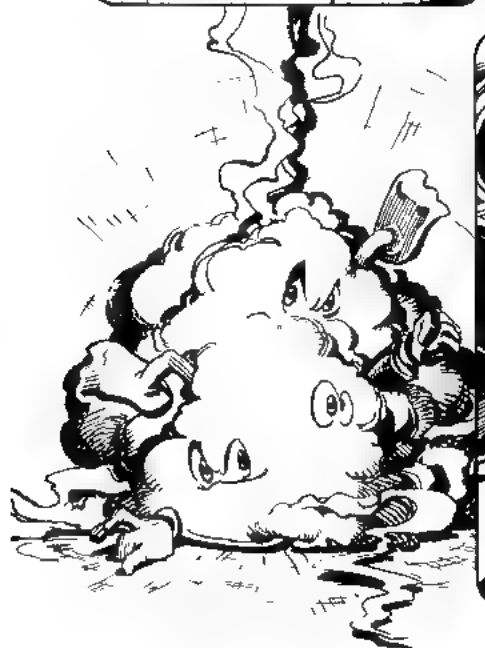
LISTEN I'M SICK OF  
YOU AND YOUR RRESPONSIBLE  
WAYS. I'VE HAD TO TRAVEL  
THOUSANDS OF MILES TO  
AMEND FOR YOU. IT'S ALL  
YOUR FAULT!

MY FAULT!  
OH YEAH?



C'MON! C'MON!  
PUT 'EM UP.  
CHICKEN DUCK!

I'LL  
SHOW  
YOU!



*Meanwhile*

SO THEN WHEN  
I WAS FIVE

OH DO  
TEL



EL  
DRAKO!

NO  
WAIT!

**FIGHT**







CONCLUSION NEXT TIME - ANGELS' CAMP



## "YOU-ALL GIBBON"

©1977 Scott Shaw

12 December 1977  
San Francisco, CA

"You-All Gibbon: The Land That Time Ignored" by Scott Shaw is not in this issue after all. Perhaps time could ignore the story but our finances could not, so we are going to press without it.

Scott explained his failure to deliver on time as having "other priorities", chief among them being his commitment to the Hanna-Barbera produced comics for Marvel Comics. He has also expressed a loss of respect for QUACK and myself here at Star\*Reach as explanation for a lack of enthusiasm to finish his story.

At last word Scott is editing a funny animal magazine called WILD ANIMALS for Krupp Comics in Wisconsin, so we'll be seeing his animal creations elsewhere.

In "You-All's" stead we're reprinting "The Duckaneer", the story by Frank Brunner that started this magazine back in issue One. That first issue has just this month fallen out of print, so in a way, this printing will help keep it around for those of you who are new to QUACK. To those who already have our first issue, we apologize, but hope you enjoy re-reading the story in this setting.



QUACKERSVILLE,  
3 A.M.: A TIME  
WHEN MOST  
DECENT DUCKS  
ARE ASLEEP.

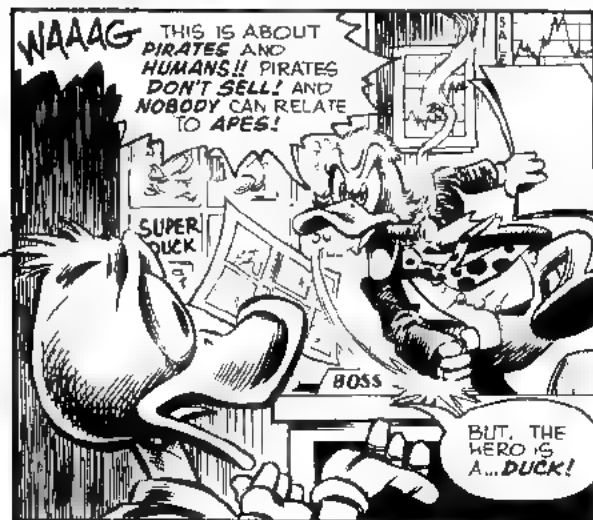
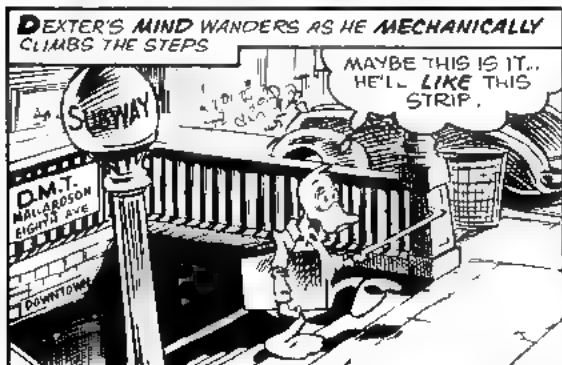
HOWEVER, THIS  
STORY IS NOT  
ABOUT THEM. THIS  
IS A TALE OF  
A WEIRDO...

A NONCONFORMIST...  
A NIGHT TRIPPER  
DOWN THE STREETS  
OF FANTASY... A  
COMIC ARTIST!

...EVEN NOW AS DAWN  
AND IMPENDING DEADLINE  
APPROACH, THIS ONE  
IS LABORING TO  
MAKE IT REAL!









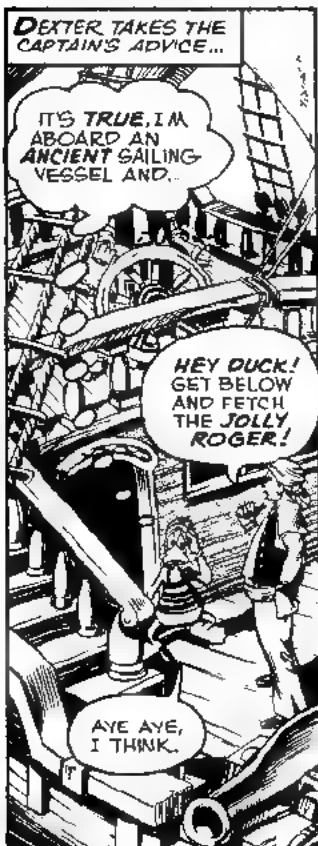
**BACK, BACK DEXTER'S MIND DRIFTS IN TIME, BACK BEFORE DUCKS RULED THE WORLD, TO THAT HALF-MYTHICAL TIME WHEN HUMANS REIGNED SUPREME AND PIRATES RULED THE WAVES!**





CABIN BOY?  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON? I MUST  
BE FLIPPING  
OUT!

BY GOD, I'LL HAVE  
YOU FOR DINNER  
IF YOU DON'T GET  
OUT OF MY  
SIGHT!



**DEXTER TAKES THE  
CAPTAIN'S ADVICE...**

IT'S TRUE, I'M  
ABOARD AN  
ANCIENT SAILING-  
VESSEL AND...

HEY DUCK!  
GET BELOW  
AND FETCH  
THE JOLLY  
ROGER!

AYE AYE,  
I THINK.



WAIT A  
MINUTE - A  
JOLLY ROGER IS  
WHAT THEY USED  
TO CALL A FLAG  
BEARING A  
SMILING SKULL -  
AND THAT  
MEANS ..

GULP!  
I'M ON A  
PIRATE  
SHIP!



**DEXTER'S SEARCH  
FOR THE FLAG TURNS  
INTO AN EXPLORATION  
OF THE SHIP'S HOLD.**

GOSH,  
IT'S DARK  
DOWN  
HERE AND  
OUCH!

THUD



WHAT A DUMB THING TO  
BE LAYING IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE FLOOR! I'LL  
MOVE IT BEFORE SOME-  
ONE GETS HURT!

Ooof!  
IT SEEMS  
TO BE  
STUCK IN  
A HOLE...  
BUT I  
THINK IT'S  
LOOSENING.



**HOWEVER, JUST BEFORE DEXTER ACCOMPLISHES HIS GOOD DEED .**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU THINK YOU'RE  
DOING... BUT THAT'S  
THE SHIP'S PLUG!

HUH?

AND YOU'RE ABOUT  
TO LET IN THE SEA!



BOY, AM I GLAD YOU STOPPED ME! I MIGHT HAVE SUNK THE WHOLE SHIP!

DON'T THANK ME, I'VE THOUGHT OF DOING IT MYSELF! BUT YOU DIDN'T LOOK LIKE YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE DOING!

THANKS ANYWAY... MY NAME'S DEXTER. WHO ARE YOU?



I'M KATRINA HAWKINS, CAPTAIN'S MATE.. BUT YOU CAN CALL ME KITTY. I WAS TAKEN PRISONER TWO YEARS AGO AND HELD FOR RANSOM. IT NEVER CAME SO, WISELY, I ELECTED TO JOIN THE CREW!

FAR OUT! YOU MEAN YOU'RE A PIRATE TOO?



LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'VE BECOME CONVINCING- WITH A SWORD!

WOW!



*Suddenly...* AN ALARM IS HEARD FROM UP ABOVE...

ALL HANDS ON DECK! BATTLE STATIONS!

DON'T WORRY, DUCKY, I'LL PROTECT YOU!

BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN IN A BATTLE..

I HAVE TO BE, WITH A BRUTE LIKE CAPTAIN BLOODBATH! HE DOESN'T COME ANY CLOSER THAN SWORD- POINT THESE DAYS!

I'LL BET YOU'RE REAL GOOD IN A FIGHT!

COME ON, THAT'S US!

HUH?

JUST AS I THOUGHT, IT'S CAPTAIN SLASH! BLOODBATH'S ARCH ENEMY!

... AND HE'S SPOILING FOR A FIGHT!





FIRE AT WILL, ME BUCKOS! LET'S SHOW THOSE BILGE RATS HOW TO FIGHT!

STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS!



ZIS WILL DECIDE ONCE AND FOR ALL WHO IS ZE BETTER BUCCANEER!

DEATH TO CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!

AMIDST BELCHING CANNON SMOKE, GRAPPLING HOOKS FLY! AND WITH DRRKS IN HAND AND PISTOLS PRIMED, THE RIVAL CREWS BEGIN THE DEADLY CONTEST! FIGHTING IS BITTER WITH NO QUARTER ASKED AND NONE GIVEN!



A FILTHY DECK IS WASHED RED WITH SPILT BLOOD IN A VERITABLE MAELSTROM OF INSENSIBLE VIOLENCE THAT CAN ONLY END WITH ONE MASTER OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA LANES!

MEANWHILE, DEXTER IS LAYING LOW..



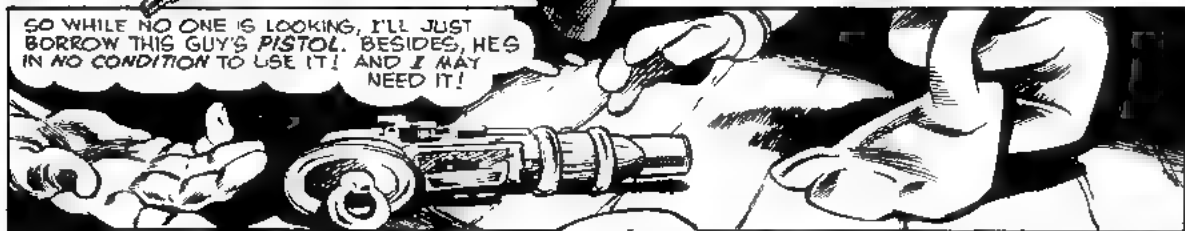
I DON'T KNOW WHO THESE GUYS ARE.. BUT IT CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS!



"I'D ASK KITTY WHO'S WINNING, BUT I GUESS SHE'S BUSY RIGHT NOW!"



SO WHILE NO ONE IS LOOKING, I'LL JUST BORROW THIS GUY'S PISTOL. BESIDES, HE'S IN NO CONDITION TO USE IT! AND I MAY NEED IT!



BUT DEXTER'S MOVEMENT HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED!





HEY, THAT GUY'S NOT DEAD, AND HE'S AIMING AT BLOODBATH! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET ON THE CAPTAIN'S GOOD SIDE!

I'LL JUST SHOOT THE GUN FROM HIS HAND!

MY PRACTICE AT CONEY ISLAND SHOOTING GALLERIES HAS FINALLY PAID OFF. I'LL BE A HERO!

HOWEVER, DEXTER'S AMUSEMENT PARK MARKSMANSHIP LEAVES MUCH TO BE DESIRED, AND HIS SHOT IS DEFLECTED OFF A PULLEY...



...CREASING THE CAPTAIN'S SKULL IN A MOST UNAMUSING FASHION!



BLOODBATH WHIRLS TO SEE ONLY DEXTER STANDING, PISTOL STILL SMOKING!

YOU LITTLE BAG OF SEAGULL DROPPINGS! I'M GOING TO SPLIT YOU DOWN THE MIDDLE!

BUT, CAPTAIN, THIS GUY WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU, AND...

HE'S AS DEAD AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE DUCK!

BUT...



JUST MY LUCK, HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD FIRE! AND I'M COOKED IF I DON'T HIDE... AND FAST!



CAPTAIN BLOODBATH!  
I'M SURE IT WAS AN  
ACCIDENT! BESIDES,  
HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY  
HAVE COME THAT  
CLOSE IF HE WAS  
AIMING AT YOU!



NO USE  
TRYING TO  
REASON WITH  
HIM NOW... BUT  
I'LL TAG  
ALONG!



SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS,  
CABIN  
FOWL!

OUT OF  
MY WAY, OR  
YOU'LL BE  
NEXT! THE  
LITTLE COWARD'S  
GONE BELOW  
DECK!



IN THE DARK,  
DEXTER MANAGES  
TO STUMBLE OVER  
THE PLUG AGAIN..

OOOPS



AHA!



I'M GONNA RUN YA  
THROUGH LIKE A  
SAUSAGE!

AWK!



DEXTER MOVED FASTER THAN  
HE HAS EVER MOVED AND  
CAPTAIN BLOODBATH'S SWORD  
PENETRATES SOFT CORK!

BLAST MY  
SWORD IS  
STUCK!



QUICK, DEXTER  
TAKE MY DIRK  
AND WHEN HE  
TURNS AROUND,  
LET HIM  
HAVE IT!

YOU MEAN...  
I SHOULD JUST  
STAB HIM?



LOOSENED BY DEXTER'S  
PREVIOUS TAMPERING,  
THE SEA PLUG FLIES IN  
BLOODBATH'S FACE!

WHOOOSH!

THE INITIAL GUSH OF  
WATER SENDS HIM  
HURLING ACROSS THE  
HOLD.

...AND  
SMACK  
ONTO  
DEXTER'S  
TREMBLING  
BLADE!

I DIDN'T  
MEAN  
TO DO IT!

NONSENSE! YOU  
DEFEATED HIM,  
FAIR AND SQUARE!

BLOODBATH STAGGERS  
A MOMENT IN TOTAL  
DISBELIEF OF WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED, THEN  
COLLAPSES, DEAD.

KITTY AND  
DEXTER MANAGE TO RE-PLUG  
THE SHIP AND COME ON DECK,  
WHERE THE CREW IS WELL INTO  
THEIR VICTORY CELEBRATION...

HEY, MATES!  
BLOODBATH IS  
DEAD! MEET THE  
NEW CAPTAIN...  
DEXTER!

HIP HIP  
HOORAY!

GEE, AM I  
REALLY THE  
CAPTAIN  
NOW?

YOU'VE  
GOT THE  
CAPTAIN'S  
HAT, F  
THAT MEANS  
ANYTHING!

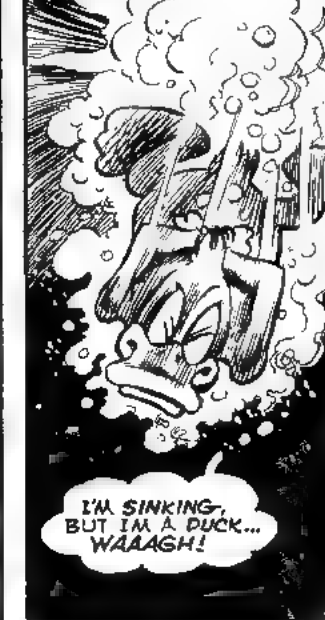
WHERE  
ARE YOU  
TAKING  
ME?

TO THE CAPTAIN'S...er  
YOUR CABIN, SIR! YOU MUST  
BE TIRED, I KNOW I AM!

AND SO AMID DRUNKEN  
REVELRY, A LONG AND  
STRANGE DAY ENDS. DEXTER  
AND HIS MATE RETIRE.



By morning, the crew has dried out and Captain Dexter addresses them

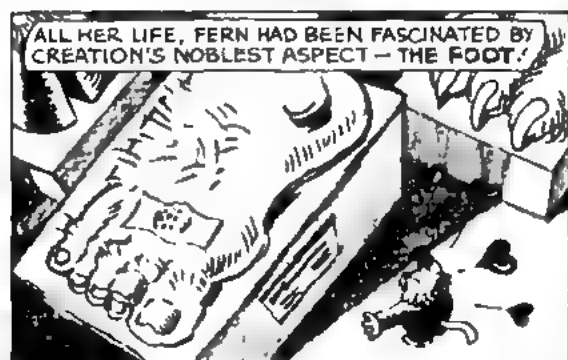
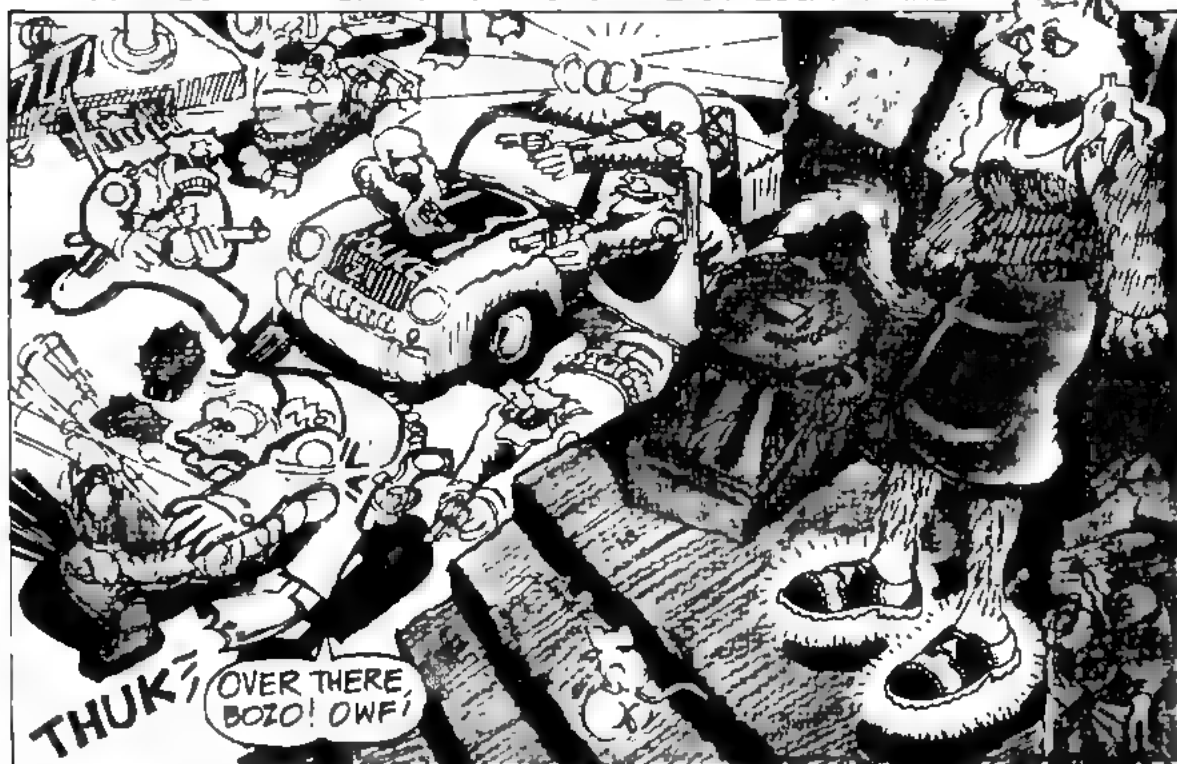


END

LOOK! DOWN IN THE STREET: IT'S A BROGUE! IT'S A SANDAL! NO! IT'S.....

# THE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!

A TALE OF CREATIVITY AND CRIME BY LEE MARRS-





HOWEVER, IN THIS AUTOMATED CONSUMER-WASTE SOCIETY, THERE WAS NO PLACE FOR "PERFECT".



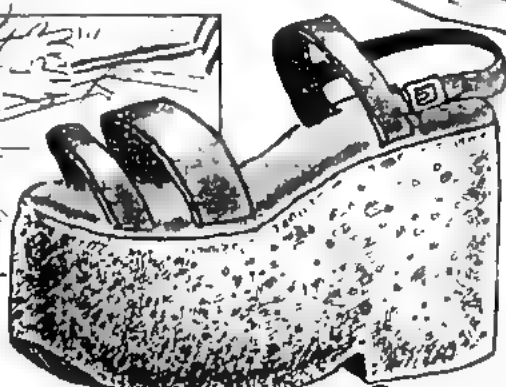
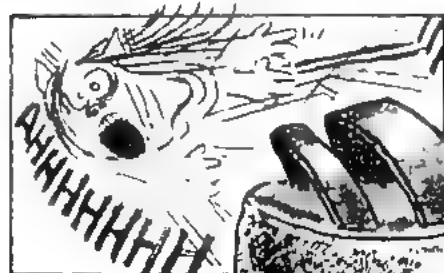
JA. YERN KW SONNO YUST LIKE A PALM TREE - NATURE'S MOST PERFECT CREATION!



## THE DIRT SHOE

BASED ON A BRAND NEW "ORGANICALLY SOUND" PRINCIPLE DISCOVERED BY A NORWEGIAN BEACHCOMER WHEN HE SIGHTED AN UPROOTED PALM TREE PRINT IN THE SHORES OF KITCHYMOONO

**ABIBAS** THOSE FAB TENNIS SHOES INVENTED BY A FINE OLE GERMAN FIRM, REVERED FOR GENERATIONS, WHO INSTANTLY, UPON THE STYLE BECOMING POPULAR, SUBCONTRACTED TO 250 CHEAPO TAIWAN MILLS!



## CARMEN MIRANDA XTRA

WAS SECRETLY FINANCED BY A BONE SPECIALISTS CONSORTIUM SLUSH FUND AFTER STATISTICS REVEALED THAT 85% OF CLOG WEARERS BROKE THEIR ANKLES IN THE FIRST WEEK OF WEAR.

DAMMIT! THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT ABYSMAL TRASHY JUNK ANYMORE! GENIUS WILL PREVAIL! ON MY OWN - BY MYSELF - I WILL PERSEVERE! I WILL CREATE THE PERFECT SHOE!

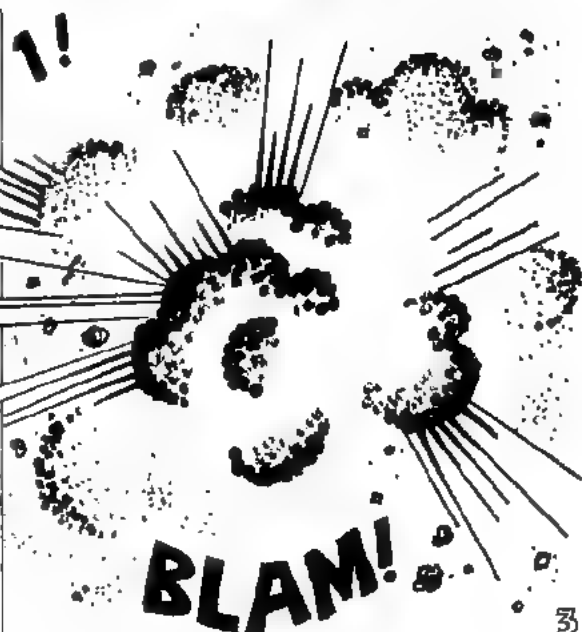
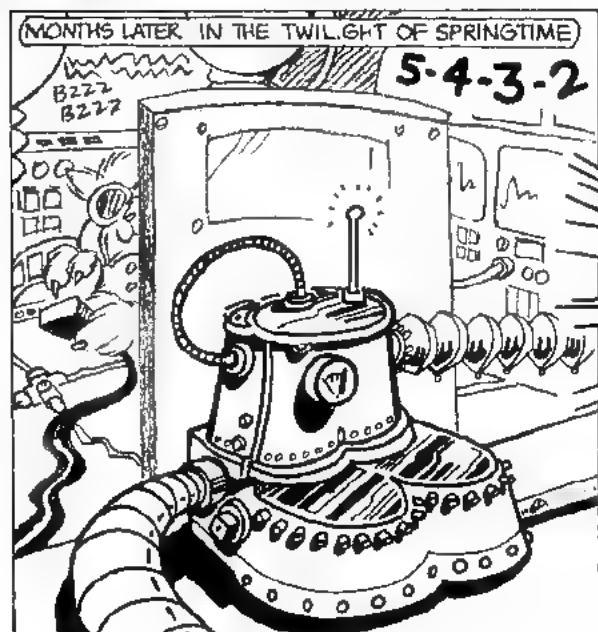




FERN'S DEDICATION KNEW NO BOUNDS. FOR 5 YEARS SHE SAVED 90% OF HER VARIED INCOME.



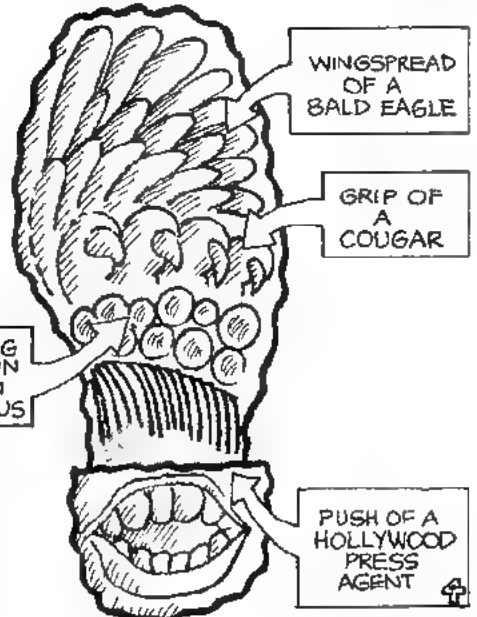
Overall, the ambivalent thrust of Rousseau's unenlightened modifiers has certain coherent nuances for any search into...



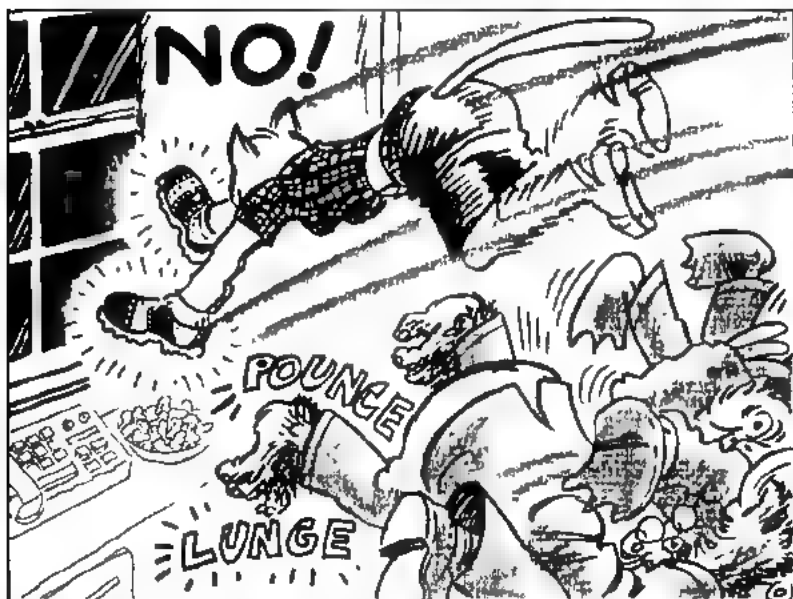
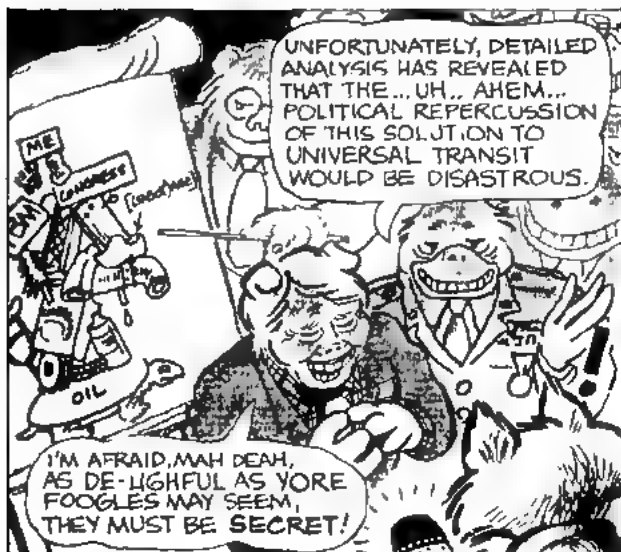


SPEEDING SHOES! THEY FIT ANY SIZE, AND GO FASTER THAN  
A SPEEDING PUFF ADDER! THE TRANSPORTATION CRISIS IS NOW  
OVER! NO MORE NEED FOR CARS! GASOLINE! ANYONE CAN ZOOM  
ANYWHERE! PERFECTION! I'LL CALL THEM  
THE FOOTSIE... NO! THE...

## THE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE™









A CRIMINAL IS BORN! SOON, IN HUNDREDS OF SHOE STORES ACROSS THE COUNTRY...

WHA? SNATCH!

OUR WEEK'S RECEIPTS!

SNATCH!

AWK

OUR WEEK'S RECEIPTS!

2111, SNATCH!

AWK

THESE SHOES ARE FREE! THEY WILL LAST FOREVER! ALSO MASSAGE VITAL FOOT POINTS! RECEIVE ALL FM ROCK STATIONS!

WHAS IZ?

## WHAS IS?

[illegible]

SONNY 2

HIYA,  
MOM!

WHO WAS THAT  
MASKED WHOOSH?

NOW I CAN TAKE THE  
JOB IN DULUTH & YOU  
CAN KEEP YOURS HERE.

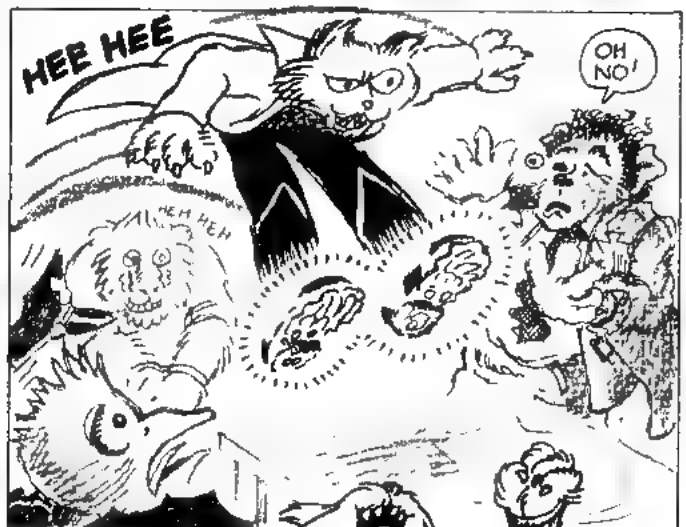
DOPS!  
CLOSE ONE

SORRY!

HAWNN ..NICE TO  
KNOW YOU CAN DO  
ANYTHING IN THE  
FOOGLES, DEAR

HHALAN.

AND LO, THE ENTIRE STATE WAS TRANSFORMED!



## FOOT FOOLERY FOREVER



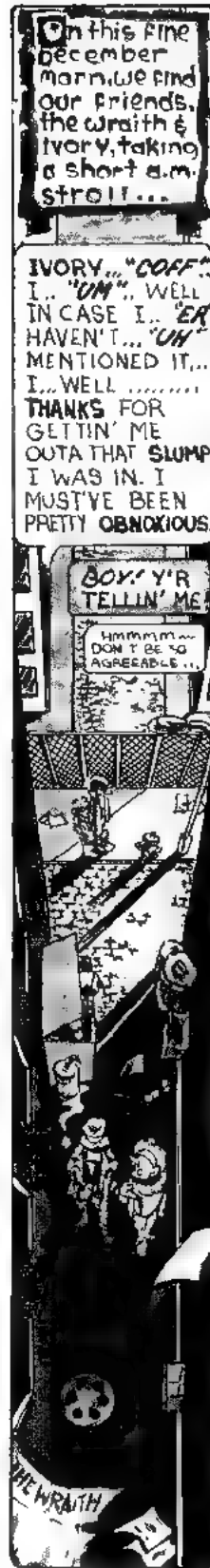
AND SO SHE ZOOMS TODAY, REBUILDING HER RESOURCES FOR ANOTHER TRY. THEY MAY HAVE HUSHED UP THE NEWS AND CONFISCATED THE SHOES. BUT ONE DAY... YOU'LL BE WAITING FOR A BUS, OR IN LINE AT THE CO-OP—YOU'LL FEEL A SUDDEN RUSH OF AIR

**WHOOOOSH! BEWARE FLEET FOOT FOOGLE!**

END



The Wrath  
© 1977  
michael t. gilbert  
26



On this fine  
december  
morn, we find  
our friends,  
the wraith &  
ivory, taking  
a short a.m.  
stroll...

IVORY... "COFF"  
I... "UM", WELL  
IN CASE I... "ER"  
HAVEN'T... "UM"  
MENTIONED IT...  
I... WELL...  
THANKS FOR  
GETTIN' ME  
OUTA THAT SLUMP  
I WAS IN. I  
MUST'VE BEEN  
PRETTY OBNOXIOUS.

BOY! Y'R  
TELLIN' ME

HEHEHEHE...  
DON'T BE SO  
AGREEABLE...



ANYWAY-IT WAS  
NO BIG DEAL.  
YOU JUST NEEDED  
A KICK IN THE  
PANTS, WRAITH.  
SIDES, YOU  
GOT ME OUT OF  
THAT NUTTY OL'  
PROFESSOR'S  
LAB, REMEMBER?

SURE Y DO.  
I WAS JUST  
AFRAID YOU  
WERE GONNA  
KICK ME BACK!  
"HEH!"

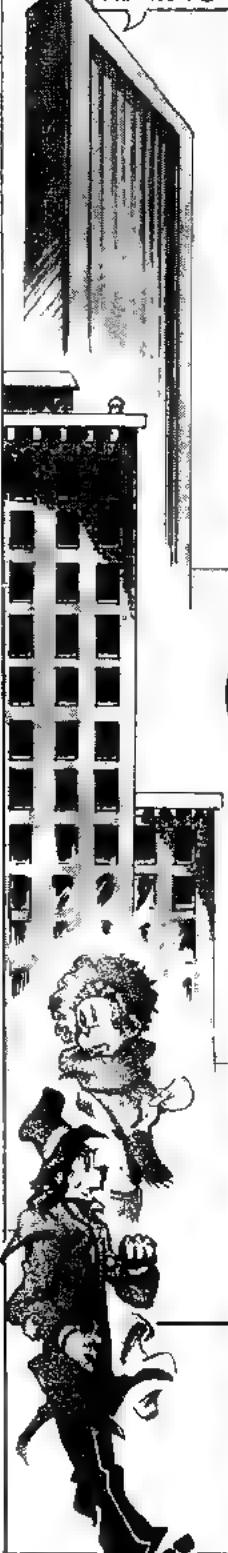
AN' SPEAKIN' OF BEIN' AFRAID...  
Y'KNOW, WRAITH, I'VE SEEN YOU FIGHT CROOKS, LOONIES, MONSTERS



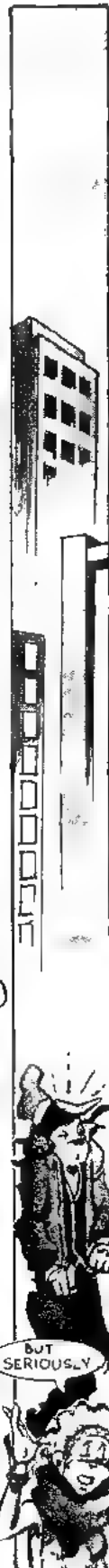
LOTS OF SCARY THINGS AND Y'KNOW, I WAS KINDA WONDERIN'...



...DO YOU EVER GET AFRAID?  
ME? AFRAID?



HELL, NO!  
I'M... THE WRAITH!





WHADAYA MEAN...  
**"BUT SERIOUSLY?"**  
 AM I TO UNDERSTAND  
 THAT YOU DOUBT  
 MY TOTAL, ABSOLUTE  
 FEARLESSNESS??

...WELL, I.....  
 ...WELL...  
 SWELL... ARE YOU??

**"AM I?"** LORD!  
 YOU KIDS TODAY!  
**GROW UP, TOOTS!**  
 I'VE GOT FEARS AN'  
 WORRIES SAME AS  
 THE NEXT GUY—TH'  
 NEXT GUY BEIN' **WOODY**  
**ALLEN**. SURE I GET  
**SCARED**, SOMETIMES—  
 WHO DOESN'T?

**YEAH??**  
 WHAT ARE  
 Y' SCARED OF?  
 HUH?

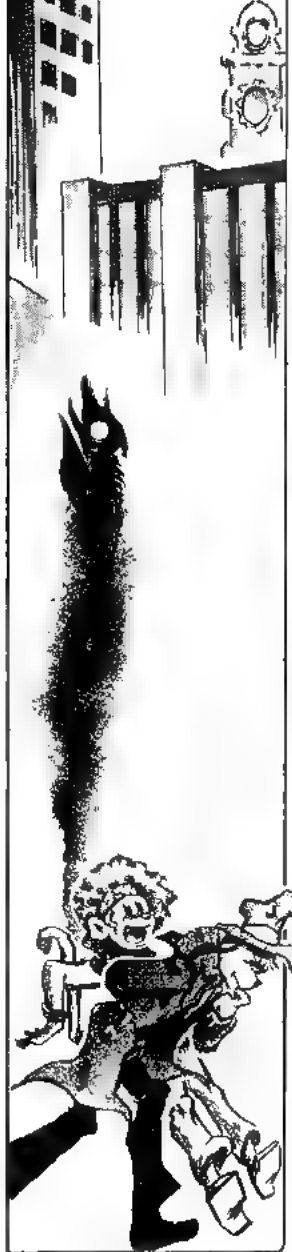
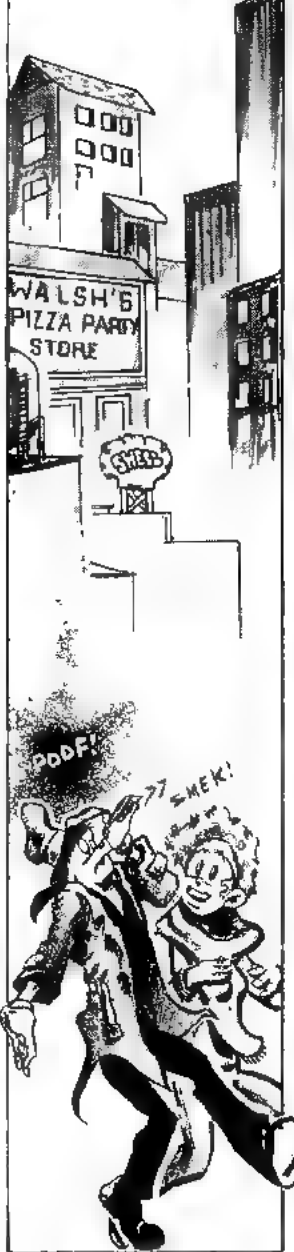
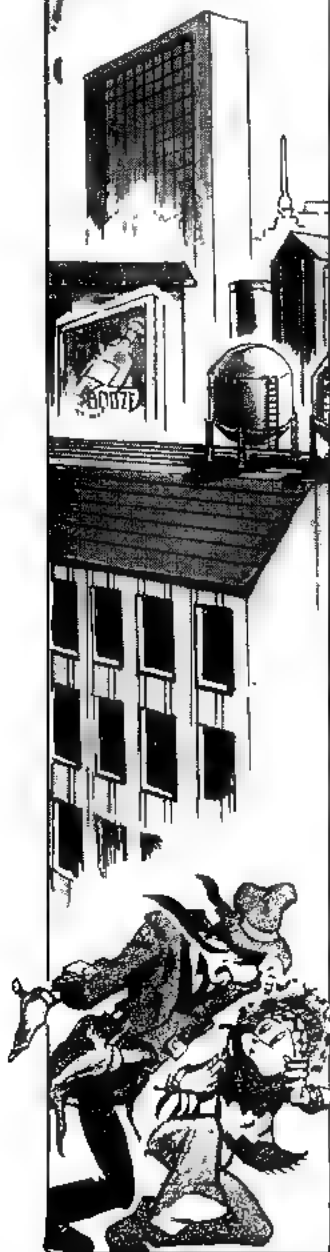
**ON, I DUNNO—**  
 LOTS OF THINGS.

MYSELF,  
 SOMETIMES..

AFRAID OF  
**Y'RSELF?!?**  
 AW C'MON  
**WRAITH**. WHO  
 Y' TRVIN' TA  
 KID, HUH? HUH?

**NO—SERIOUSLY!**  
 LOOK, GRANTED  
 THAT I'M AS **NORMAL**  
 AS THE NEXT  
 CRIME-FIGHTER  
 { A RATHER CRAZY  
 PROFESSION TO BEGIN WITH }

**AND FURTHER—**  
 LET'S GRANT THAT  
 CRIME FIGHTERS  
 ARE A FAIRLY  
**HEALTHY LOT—**  
**BRAIN-WISE!**  
 { ADMITTEDLY A RATHER  
 "IFFY" PROPOSITION }



THAT IS, EVEN ASSUMING WE'RE DEALING WITH A RELATIVELY HEALTHY MIND .... THERE ARE **STILL** A WHOLE MESS OF HUMAN **HANGUPS** TO DEAL WITH.

THE **FEARS**, THE **HATES**. THE **INSECURITIES**. THE **DEMONS WITHIN** ALL THOSE DARK SPOTS HIDDEN INSIDE THAT WE TRY TO BURY!  
**OWHHH, YES!!!**

I **FEAR** THOSE PARTS OF ME, **IVORY**

**AW, C'MON, WRAITH.** YOU COULDN'T DO ANYTHING **ROTTEN**. COULD'YA, **WRAITH?**

**AHHH, IVORY!** AS A PREDECESSOR OF MINE ONCE SAID: "**WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?**" UNDER THE RIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES, WHO IS TO SAY OF WHAT POTENTIAL **EVIL** ONE IS CAPABLE?

YES, **IVORY**. I DO **FEAR** THAT EVIL IN MYSELF!

**FEAR, IVORY.** UNCHECKED, THAT FEAR CAN GROW-SPREADING-**CRIPPING!**

BUT YOU KNOW, **IVORY**, OVER THE YEARS I'VE DEVELOPED A VERY EFFECTIVE METHOD OF HANDLING FEAR

**HUH? YEAH?** WHADDAYA DO?



I **LAUGH!**

**HUH?**



**OOOH!**





LAUGH?

YEAH...  
YOU KNOW-  
**LAUGH!**  
LIKE THIS  
REMEMBER?

**OOOHHH!**  
**STOP**  
**TICKLING**  
**WRAITH!**

IF YOU CAN  
LAUGH AT  
YOURSELF-  
AT TH' WORST  
IN YOU...

**STOP!**  
**YOU BIG**  
**MEANIE!!**

...IT ACTS  
LIKE A  
SAFETY  
VALVE...

... AND  
SHRINKS YR  
PROBLEMS  
RIGHT DOWN  
TO SIZE!!

HUMMM...  
GUESS SO,  
**WRAITH.**  
"SNIFF"

**SAY-YOU**  
**SMELL**  
**SOMETHIN?**  
**SMOKE?**  
SULFUR?  
BRIMSTONE?

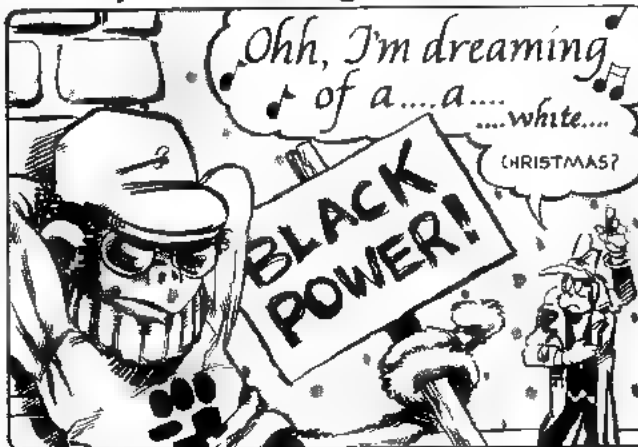
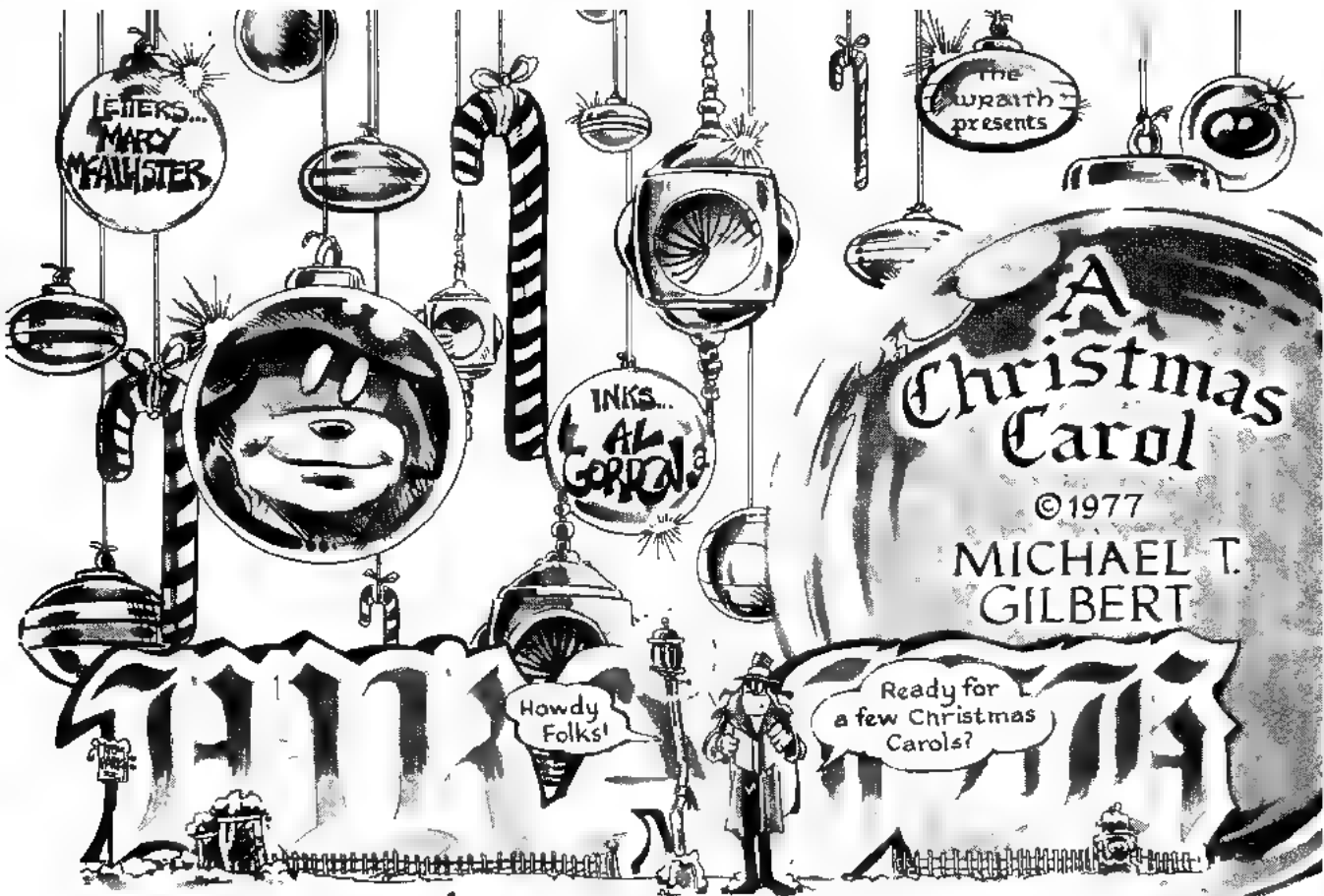
SMOKE?

..NAW..

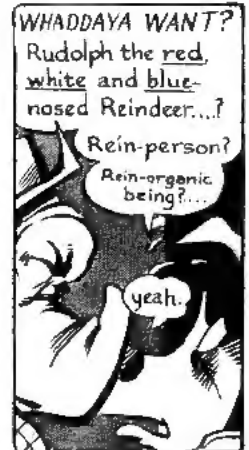
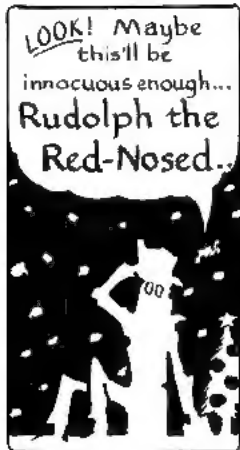
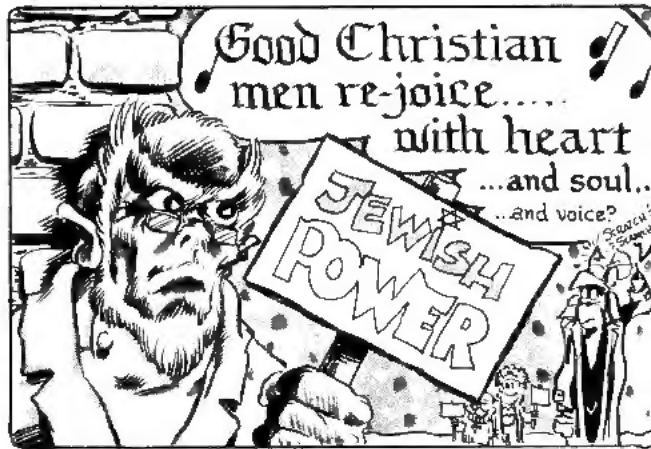
**SNIFF**  
**SNIFF!**

...JUST  
YOUR  
IMAGINATION

**END**







Okay, c'mon gang, let's hear it-All Together Now!

# Merry Christmas to all...



*Mike Friedman*

TED RICHARDS

*Ken Macklin*

-Michael T. Gilbert-

STEVE LEIGOLD

LEE MARKS

AL GORDON

SCOTT SHAW

FRANK

BRUNNER

Mary McAllister

..... and the whole "quack" gang wish you a joyous holiday season and a full, productive 1978.

**IMAGINE IF** YOU WERE GOING TO START A COMICS COMPANY FROM SCRATCH... WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



PHOTO: TONY REMINGTON

Well, folks,  
**STAR\*REACH**  
 IS DOING ALL THIS **NOW!**

STAR\*REACH No. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11 ..... \$1.25 (ea.)  
 PUDDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 1-2-3 ..... \$3.00 (set)  
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